

shot. The intensity of the fighting was terrible, the ranks thinned out from second to second, most of the officers were dead or wounded. Lieutenant von Kropf, whose hand had been shattered, had it wrapped around himself and then had his sword tied around it. Whole lines of the slightly wounded, bleeding and moaning, tried to drag themselves out of the area of fire. The companies were torn apart, but they went further and further on the field of destruction. Colonel Graf von Waldersee was badly wounded, but he could not be persuaded to part with his grenadiers now: Major von Rosenberg was also hit. But one more use of the last strength, a hurrah and the height was taken. But the enemy was already sending a raging fire from the other side. In order to secure the property and completely capture the Heckenweg flanking our attack position, Colonel Graf von Waldersee quickly had the torn heaps put together, then, weakened by blood loss, he had to hand over command to Major von Behr of the 2nd Battalion, the only still unwounded staff officer of the 4th Guards Infantry Brigade. To the left of the grenadiers, the fusiliers had stormed towards the enemy at the same rapid pace and with the same losses. Major Prince Salm had died at the head of the column, with him the 16-year-old Prince Florentin Salm and many brave others. A stroke of fate had brought Count Keller from the Kaiser Franz regiment to his brother, who was bleeding profusely from a wound, the commander of the 10th and 11th half-battalion companies. When he had bandaged the brother and he had recovered a moment, he took the drum from a collapsing tambourine and banged with feverish force to attack. Again the fragmented masses threw themselves against the enemy. At the same moment, led by Captain von Trotha, who was bleeding from a wound, grenadiers from all companies rushed up with Lieutenant Helf and pressed against the enemy's flank. Fusiliers and grenadiers threw themselves on him with bitter impetuosity and drove him back. The first gap in the enemy's formidable position had been broken, and the situation improved. The French withdrew in dense masses, their dead lay in heaps on the blackthorn hedges, most of them shot in the head.

However, the regiment could no longer think of going any further; Again and again the enemy broke out of the village in masses and shot at our men with murder. We had to wait until the Saxons came to reinforce us. So the Rompagnia remained standing for almost 1½ hours in the open plains, kneeling, lying down, looking for the slightest cover that the field offered, about 400 paces from St. Privat. The French artillery was silent, only the Chassepot fire rolled in a constant crackle over the bare, wide plain. Most of the crews had used up their ammunition and the cartridge pouches of the dead were emptied.

A cavalry attack, which the enemy wanted to make, was thwarted by the advance of the Hussar Guards and the 2nd Uhlans Guards Regiment. In the meantime the artillery on this side had also moved closer. First it was the Prittwitz battery, then

Captain Friederici, who was hit in the chest by a bullet. In order to give the grenadiers room to breathe, the batteries directed a vigorous fire on the front taken towards the village. The first shots were too short, the shells fell under the riflemen of the regiment. They therefore signaled the artillery by putting their helmets on their bayonets and holding their guns high.

The French, meanwhile, broke out stronger, broken up into dense swarms of riflemen, row after row, with loud shouts and constant shooting, from the village and the entrenchments, threatening the regiment with complete annihilation and pushing back step by step. But everyone uttered the cry: "Rather die here than retreat!" In the companies, which had been badly melted down in the devastating fire, the independence of the individual man was more pronounced than ever after the great losses of the officer corps. It was a grenadier from the 2nd Battalion - a son of the city of Coblenz - who, at that critical moment, loudly reminded his comrades in the roar of battle: "Let's remember that we carry the Queen's signature on our shoulders!" And they stood, the brave, like oaks in a raging storm, and many were swept away.

Lieutenant von Esbeck of the Guard Hussars, orderly officer of the division, whose red uniform differed from his visor

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mel like a glowing spark, which erupted now here, now there in the chain of arms. [?] took off, admonished to persevere.

Such hours of distress and trial are also hours of consecration; the camphor-grey leader feels glowing with renewed youthful vigour, and the young soldier, who is facing death for the first time, is growing into a man.

However, the calm persistence in the enemy fire was almost unbearable. A common urge drove forward. Dusk had fallen in the meantime, the whole area was shrouded in dense powder smoke and the sun shone like a fireball through the vapor clouds. St. Privat burned, as did the hamlet of St. Jerusalem. Then came the regimental adjutant, Lieutenant von Stedmann, who beamed with the news that the Saxons had arrived and were attacking to the left of the regiment. It was 7:40. The few officers who were left gathered the small groups.

The call of the bugles rang out in the whole line, the drums beat up a storm; with jubilant hurrah it went forward, with the still unharmed also the wounded who forgot the pain in the victorious run; covered in blood was the brave Captain von Trotha, the brave Count Keller at the head of the mixed-up troops of all companies. In addition to the regiment with flying colors and beating drums, the Kaiser Franz regiment. The whole corps advanced, the Saxons. Endless hurrahs roared at the already despairing enemy, who hurled his last rapid fire at the chargers. Hundreds of cannon muzzles spewed death and destruction, the mitrailleuses rattled,

thousands of left-hand shots buzzed through the air. Our men did not shoot, rifles in their right hands or on their shoulders, they charged at the enemy, all of them were motivated only by the wish to finally be able to avenge the death of their brothers. The French were driven out of their entrenchments with the naked weapon; Most of them fought with extraordinary tenacity, bravely and manfully, many threw down their guns and begged for pardon, which was probably not always given in the furious attack. The burning St. Jerusalem was taken, in the shower of shells and bullets the walls of St. Privat, bristling with gun-barrels, were surmounted; at the same time parts of our 1st Division advanced with the Saxons

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one house after house had to be fought for; the French, surrounded almost on all sides, continued to fight with desperate determination. The slaughter in the streets of the burning village was terrible, a man-to-man fight, a hand-to-hand fight, in some places bloodier than imaginable. The conflagration drove the enemies out of many of the barricaded houses, many were taken prisoner, many killed in the wild frenzy of battle. The darkness of the night set a goal for the fight. It was past 10 o'clock. Love and mercy now came into their rights; The grenadiers, forgetting their own danger, rushed into the church, which was threatened with collapse, and rescued the seriously wounded enemy from the flames.

The victory was ours. Through the dense forests of Saulnay, favored by the darkness and the terrain, the enemy retreated to Metz. The remnants of the regiment were gathering to the left of the road from Metz, in front of the village.

The men rallied round the remaining officers, and as soon as they got together, they lay down on the blood-soaked ground to rest from the hot battle.

August 19 was a grave sad day. The twilight morning offered a sight of boundless misery and misery on the wide battlefield. The stretcher-bearers had been busy all night, and with every minute of the new day it was increased. But what was the help available against the thousands who needed help? Officers and soldiers wandered about looking for friends and relatives among the dead and wounded. Around 10 o'clock the regiment lined up for the purpose of determining the casualties. Poor mortally wounded horses limped to the sound of the horns calling for a gathering; the animals were set free by well-aimed shots. A melancholy feeling crept over everyone to see how thin the ranks of the splendid regiment were. Roll-calls took place within the companies. Many, too many good ones, were missing, dead or wounded. Some of the officers had fallen: Major Felix Prinz zu Salm-Salm, born Christmas 1828 in Anholt in Westphalia, the prince joined the Guard Cuirassier Regiment as second lieutenant on April 2, 1846, came 11th in the following year. hussar regiment,

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on March 30, 1854 to the Guard Hussar Regiment and took leave in June of the same year. Prince Salm then entered Imperial Austrian service. Wanderlust and thirst for action led the fiery officer to North America in September 1861, where he set his sword against the Confederates for the abolition of slavery in the service of the United States. Returning to Europe in 1865 after the war ended happily, he followed the Austrian Archduke Maximilian to Mexico. Prince Salm became Imperial Mexican General and, as 1st Wing Adjutant and head of the house, was the faithful companion of the Blessed Emperor Maximilian until his unfortunate end, brought about by Emperor Napoleon and Marshal Bazaine. With a bitter heart, the prince turned back to Prussia and on December 10, 1868 was assigned as a major to the Queen's 4th Guards Grenadier Regiment. On April 16, 1870, Prince Salm had been given command of the Fusilier Battalion.

In the fight for foreign causes on the battlefields of Italy, North America and Mexico he had been spared the bullets, only to bleed his life to death for the sacred cause of the fatherland. As already mentioned, his nephew, the young Prince Florentin Salm, had fallen as a lieutenant near him.

Also dead were: Premier-Lieutenant von Luttig, the lieutenants von Kropf, von Müller, Count Ysenburg, Helf.

Colonel Graf Waldersee was wounded, as was Major von Rosenberg. Seriously wounded were Captain von Haugwitz, the Premier Lieutenants von Frobél, von Nostitz, von Pommer-Esche, von Weltzien; Premier-Lieutenant Von Frobél recovered, while the aforementioned other officers paid the tribute with their lives for faithfully devoting their duties. The lieutenants von Motz, von Schmidt, von Usedom, Ries von Scheuernschloß, von Hilgers and Napromsky were also wounded; they almost all died within a few days as a result of the wounds they received. Ten other officers were more or less seriously injured. Avantageur Sixt von Arnim and Vicefeldwebel Wegeler of the 1st Company were also seriously wounded. When the call to the Rhine roared like thunder across the country at the outbreak of war, Wegeler from England, where he was staying at the time, voluntarily rushed under the flags to which he

already followed in 1866 on their triumphal march through Bohemia. Nach Coblenz evakuiert, konnte er trotz sorgsamster Pflege im Vaterhaus Heilung nicht mehr finden, in den ersten Septembertagen hauchte er dort seine Heldenseele aus.

Unter den Todten waren ferner die Feldwebel Gebauer, Abel und Wolf, die Serganten Albrecht und Hahn, die Unteroffiziere Alf, Büste, Dodler, Furth, Görgen, Gräber, Haupt, Haselkuß, Hartmake, Heintze, Klein, Koster, Menne, Mludertz, Schmelter gen. Bremer, Völkel, Wichenthal, Waffler und der Hautboist Tigelkamp.

The long list of the other ranks who died heroic deaths is as follows:

Michael Reis, Tambour, Ferdinand Barbe, Christoph Berg, Serv. Bonten, Karl Breithold, Wilh. Bruns, Johann Büschert, Peter Busch, Joh. Fortain, Karl Godde, Gerh. Guischen, Theod. Grundmann, Joh. Hartmann, Ferd. Hellings, Math. Hector, Alb. Hoffmann, Pet. Huber, Wilh. Jansen, Jul. Kind, Peter Koch, Theodor Kooker, Aug. Lachmann, Nik. Leyendecker, Math. Maas, Andr. Nettekowin, Wilh. Schlößer, Hermann Schmidtman, Jos. Schorenberg, Jak. Viander, Fritz Vogt, Nikolaus Vieiliel, Heinr. Wenand, (Gefreite), Wilh. Aders, Andr. Admeier, Joh. Angst, Peter Barabin, Wilh. Barsch, Wilh. Betzen, Christ. Birkelbach, Joseph Böhmrich, Aug. Brack, Joh. Burbach, Eduard Burchartz, Johann Cramer, Georg Creß, Rud. Dahl, Heinr. Daniel, Robert Dellweg, Aug. Dilthey, Math. Emonds, Pet. Fad, Math. Faßbinder, Georg Flamann, Joh. Feikes, Jakob Feldmann, Konrad Fischer, Jos. Eischenich, Aug. Fußholtz, Karl Graf, Hone. Gappendach, Joh. Gelz, Kasp. Guerke, Wilh. Geußen, Wilh. Gilckens, Karl Gierberg, Ant. Grotenhermen, Jak. Groterhorst, Ad. Heußler, Kaspar Hagen, Joh. Hardt, Jak. Heinrich II, Heinr. Hecke, Andr. Hendle, Ludwig Herrmann, Mart. Hillebrand, Heinr. Hirtz, Theod. Haendgen, Math. Hacken, Heinr. Hütten, Johann Jansen I, Jos. Joschenich, Adam Jung, Jos. Klein, Wilh. Kleinritters, Wilhelm Keith, Jak. Kester, Joh. Kerb, Wilh. Koch, Hubert Kochs, August Köhler, Peter Krächan, Alb. Lang, Jos. Leifeld, Adam Neuwalder, Heinrich Mahler, Gerh. Meiring, Karl Mattes, Adam Maurer, Theob. Melcher, Jos. Meyer, Pet. Michelsbacher, Fried. Mohues, Hein. Molders, Johann Moritz, Pius Müller, Peter Müller II, Hein Müller III, Jakob Naumann, Simon Neßler I, Leopold

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Othars, Joh. Otto, Fried. Pfaffrath, Philipp Pauli, Franz Pitsch, Herm. Rum, Wilh. Post, Gottfried Reppert, Herm. Rewelkamp, Fried. Sauer, Herm. Schleiter, Peter Schenk, Joh. Schlimmbach, Hein. Schmidt II, Ferd. Schmidt III, Wilhelm Schmitz, Friedrich Schneider III, Adam Schneiders, Wilh. Schott, Anton Schüttler, Hein. Schwalenstacker, Karl Schweickert, Jak. Spengler II, Jos. Stuhlmann, Peter Tinnert, Peter Tullius, Franz Völlmerke, Peter Wagner, Michael Weber, Vincenz Wöhner, Jos. Wennig, Lorenz Wolf, Wilh. Walter, Engelbert Wezel (Grenadiere), Wilh. Abraham gen. Groß, Joh. Axer, Hein. Becker, Hubert Beckers, Karl Behren, Eberhard Berrisch, Anton Bott, Tillm. Bremenkamp, Nik. Christ, Wilh. Decker, Hein. Deggerich, Franz Dahmer, Heinrich Ewers, Joseph Flessenkemper, Hein. Fortmann, Anton Fuchs, Wilhelm Gehllomholt, Anton Grete, Valentin Groß, Theod. van Hezsen, Friedr. Henderkott, Karl Hoffmann, Michael Huckerl, Joh. Huhn, Anton Siegenhoven, Fried.

Jühlen, Anton Caspers, Joseph Kautmann, Christian Kigel, Caspar Kipfi, Georg Klaus, Peter Kloz, Joh. Koch, Fried. Kohlmann, Michael Kuhn, Fried. Kordel, Fried. Kreggdoch, Joh. Kremer, Peter Kunz, M. Kurstenmacher, Wilh. Litz, Joseph Loch, Bernh. Lücker, Bernh. Ludkemeier, Hein. Maus, Jak. Maritzky, Jak. Marx, Joseph Wenden, Herm. Merker, Phil. Mertgen, Aug. Messerschmidt, Phil. Müller, Jos. Nummer, Joh. Offermann, Adam Orth, Joh. Oster, Fried. Palmerstrom, Wilh. Peters, Hubert Pfeil, Johann Reuther, Hubert Reismann, Wilh. Richter, Karl Ripp, Peter Sandlus, Hein. Schneppers, Jos. Schmickler, Peter Simon, Joh. Sommerhäuser, Fried. Staubsand, Adam Tomes, Gerh. Vogt, Heinrich Wilms und Johann Zantis (Füsiliere), Theodor Klein, Trainsoldat.

Honor the memory of the brave who seal their oath of allegiance with death!

The losses were great and heavy, but rarely has a troop done anything greater; never have greater demands been made on the military sense of honor and duty of the leaders, never on the courage and discipline of the soldiers and have they been fulfilled than during the storming of St. Private.

All leaders from colonel to ensign had set a shining example, and with devotion and defiance of death their subordinates had followed them to victory and death.

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His majesty the king could well report to his wife:

"Your regiment performed brilliantly."

The regiment received the richest recognition for this through the award of Iron Crosses and through promotions.

The regiment lost 27 officers and 902 men, including 128 men from the 1st company. Many of the wounded are not included in this number, either because their wounds were considered insignificant or because they remained in the company in spite of them.

The two charitable brothers Kastor and Kasimir behaved very well. They put their lives on the back burner, even in the heaviest rain of bullets, and only thought of facilitating the lot of the severely wounded.

The field post stopped at a path that branches off the main road. She was constantly surrounded by hundreds of soldiers. Everyone wanted to write at least one card saying that they had been in the fire, that they were part of the victory they had won and that they were still alive and well.

The regiment now had the sad duty of burying those who remained on the ground. The sad work lasted from 2 p.m. until late at night. The regimental band played the

beautiful old hymn "Jesus, my confidence". The solemn tones went lamenting across the wide field. Officers and men stood in large circles around those to be buried. Serious, sad work, burying the dear leaders, the loyal comrades, with their clothes and everything in the pits.

Silent tears slowly rolled down weather-beaten cheeks. Many a man stole out of the circle to give vent to the feelings of his heart. The music resounding over the Todtenfeld was interrupted at about 9 o'clock in the evening by cheerful marching music. Yesterday's comrades-in-arms, the valiant Saxon regiments, marched past the bivouack site with a bang.

Over the vast place of death, over the work of destruction and annihilation, the moon laid its mild silver glow. Peaceful quiet here and there.